Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, DECEMBER 30, 1915 Number 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

SILENCES

How sweet a summer Silence ere the bird-note,
When the dead night is glimmering into soul!

How rich that ritual Silence of the noon hour,
When God himself seems burning down on flowers!

How large that Silence of a million flashes,
When all the waiting glory is unrolled!

Yet ah! How fell that after-murder Silence,
Which now hath gotten a memory and a soul;

It speaks no more than a dumb injured creature,
Yet worse that Silence, since it may not speak!

Noble the Silence his that deigns no answer,
Who falsely stung, yet openeth not his lips!

Silence how beautiful of the young mother,
Stolen with a light to brood above her babe!

But Silence grandest that of the Creator,
Who silent lifts the heavy world to light!

—*Stephen Phillips*

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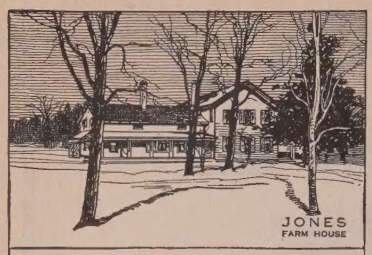

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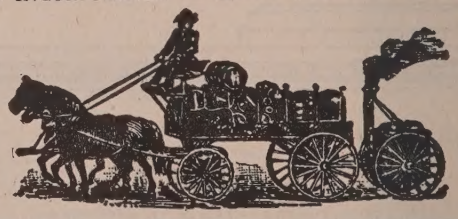

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1915. NUMBER 18

A NEW YEAR WISH.

Tidings from the East and West,
Tidings of goodwill we send;
Wishing you and yours the best
That a merciful heaven can lend:
Peace of heart and Love unbroken,
And joy that comes of helping others.
What better wish, or sweeter token,
Can we send to all our Brothers?

—*J. F. N.*

A NEW YEAR PRAYER.

O Thou Ancient of Days, whose years are throughout all generations, how frail we are in a world that was before we were born; how fleeting in a world that will last when we are gone. Nevertheless we are Thine, thought into being by Thy loving kindness for some purpose beyond our fathoming, and Thou dost not forsake the work of Thy hands. Therefore we who live in the House of Time lift up our prayer for light and love and life eternal, seeking to know Thee by what we are and what we have in us of the true and everlasting. Waken us to hear in the depths of our own souls Thy voice of gentle stillness telling us that our mortal life has immortal meanings.

Increase our faith as Thou dost increase our years, that the longer we live on the earth the nobler may our service be, the more willing our obedience, the more complete our devotion to Thy will. Grant us to be wiser tomorrow because of the failures of today; more trustful in the future by reason of the doubts that haunted us in the past; more forgiving because we so much need to be forgiven. Quicken our dull hearts to a more lively hope in Thy mercy; sanctity to us whatever may befall of trial or of danger; and grant us to love much, to love all, and most of all to love Thee, our Father and Redeemer.

Mercifully hast Thou brought us to the end of another year, though many who were better than we have fallen into the great white sleep—many whom we knew and loved. O let us not miss what might be done with the gift of a new year for the service and blessing of our fellows; let us not fail of the beautiful thing that might be made of it. Stir up the gift that is in us; make us wise with insight from on high to discern clearly, to endeavor uprightly, to endure heroically. If we fail much, may we at least learn humility and penitence, and so have a heart of pity and of hope for others who have failed.

Forgive our mis-spent days, and help us to begin a new year with a new heart, a new hope, a new courage, and, if it may be, live more nobly, more faithfully, more kindly, more patiently, touched with a higher and holier purpose. And when the thread of our years is broken, when days and works are done, and the house of our dwelling is dissolved in death, O receive us by Thy mercy into the Home of the Soul, in His name. Amen. J. F. N.

Surely he is a daring man who would attempt to sum up the year that comes now to its close. Dark and dreadful, terrible and tragic, it divides time into before and after, like some deep red gash across the face of history. Little has been heard save the thunder of great guns and the hot feet of the Lords of Hell riding to ruin—nothing, indeed, save a wail of woe following the sun around the earth. Truly, it has been a year of the right hand of the Most High, whose providence leaves room for human improvidence, but whose sowing and reaping are sure and stern. Yet it is a year the date of which will stand out in time to come, making the end of an era and the beginning of a new day. Never again will the world be the same. When the great tragedy came the chatter about little issues was hushed, and men were face to face with old, elemental things and the bitter, haggard facts of human nature red in tooth and claw. Petty differences that divided in religion were forgotten and the eternal things were revealed in a red apocalypse. Again it is made manifest that nothing can hold against Hell save the great and simple truth as it is in Jesus, which men now see is not a dream but a necessity. Those who were held to be dreamers two years ago are now seen to be the only wise and practical men—wise with a wisdom which the world called foolish, but which is now disclosed as divine. That good unimaginable will be the issue of this tragedy is certain—history is a witness—and there is no surer proof that we live in a divinely ordered world. J. F. N.

To Miss Zona Gale in her quaint Friendship Village stories is largely due the rapid growth of the "Municipal" or "Community" Christmas Tree idea.

Last Christmas eve with its mild air full of heavy but softly falling flakes of crystal beauty, lent an ideal atmosphere for out-of-door celebrations.

The "Big Tree of Chicago" standing in Grant Park in the very heart of the great city, was promoted and financially sustained by the Chicago *Examiner*. In the development of its magnificence and unique beauty that paper did royal service in showing the municipality how to do it, and, it may be, in suggesting how much better it might be done with the community spirit behind it. Still "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" and at Christmas time the response to such an appeal is prompt and hearty. If the numbers of visitors with their silent, almost awed admiration prove anything, the *Examiner* has reached many hearts in this effort to make popular the true Christmas spirit.

The many smaller trees that appeared in outlying parts and corners were perhaps humbler in their appeal to the eye, but in many cases they carried the true idea of neighborhood celebration.

One of these was raised at the junction of Drexel and Oakwood boulevards. A lively neighborhood interest had been at work for some weeks reaching from saloon and store keepers to most of the so-called Oakland group of churches, in the attempt to create the nucleus of a real community celebration. The Oakland Business Men's Association, the Commonwealth Edison Company and the South Park Commissioners entered heartily into the scheme and did their effective parts in insuring its success.

Leaving the Abraham Lincoln Centre a group of way-farers with decorated lanterns passed through several streets of the neighborhood singing carols and stopping at last at the Tree. Here some of the local preachers and a fine quartette of singers carried out the brief program.

By the time the crowd was ready to sing "America" and break up to go and partake of hot coffee and doughnuts at the Memorial Baptist Church, it had increased to the number of several hundred people.

Of course there were those who scoffed at the whole idea. The critics we have always with us and they were right when they said the splendid down-town tree was a bit dramatic with its magnificent stage settings—the lesser trees looked small when set up in the great out-of-doors, the buglers had a hard time bugling against the north wind, and the Cottage Grove children missed their dear old neighborhood Santa Claus, also the thing meant a lot of hard work for somebody, and yet it was worth while if it brought just a bit more reverence for the ideas for which Christmas stands, just a slightly added meaning to the words:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

UNITY has frequently taken pleasure in calling the attentiton of its readers to the unique educational work of Gary, Ind. Superintendent Wirt is quoted in *The Christian Century* as making the following statement in explanation of the Gary plan of religious instruction:

Every church in Gary is giving religious instruction to children in the extra hours which are not used in the classroom. The children have come to regard it in a very matter-of-fact way as a regular part of their daily lives. They would be surprised to learn that there were children in other cities who had no religious instruction on weekdays.

I have not been able to find the slightest mark of sectarianism on any of the children or the least trace of ill-feeling between the churches over the question of education. There is not in the religious instruction they receive daily at the various churches any teaching apt to produce such results. They are not taught much about creeds or the differences between denominations.

I do not say that a religious teacher could not get them excited over the differences between churches, but I cannot imagine a church employing such a teacher. I cannot see that it is a strong argument against a good thing to say that it might be done badly. It is our business to see that it is done well.

John Galsworthy in *Scribner's Magazine* for January gives some "Second Thoughts on This War" in which he designates as "nonsense" the idea that in this struggle modern literature is not equal to its opportunity. He writes:

Because pens lie unused, or are but feebly wielded over the War, they would have us believe that modern literature has been found wanting. "Look," they say, "how nobly the Greek and the Elizabethan pens rhymed the epic struggles of their ages. What a degenerate, nerveless creature is this modern pen! See how it fails when put to the touchstone of great events, and the thrilling realities of War!" I think this is nonsense. The greatest pens of the past were strangers to the glamor of War. Euripides made it the subject of a dirge; Shakespeare of casual treatment; Cervantes of his irony. They were in advance of the feeling of their day about war; but now their feeling has become that of mankind at large; and the modern pen, good, bad, or indifferent, follows—*longo intervallo*—their prevision of War's downfalling glory. In the words of a certain officer, War is now "damn dull, damn dirty, and damn dangerous." The people of Britain, and no doubt of the other countries—howver bravely they may fight—are fighting not because they love it, not because it is natural to them, but because, alas! they must. This makes them the more heroic since the romance of War for them is past, belonging to cruder stages of the world.

In our consciousness today there is a violent divorce between our admiration for the fine deeds, the sacrifices and heroisms of this war, and our feeling about War itself. A shadowy sense of awful waste hangs over it all in the mind of the simplest soldier as in that of the subtlest penman. It may be real that we fight for our existence, and our conceptions of liberty and justice; but we feel all the time that we ought not to have had to fight, that these things should be respected of the nations; that we have grown out of such savagery; that the whole business is a kind of monstrous madness suddenly let loose on the world. Such feelings were never in the souls of ordinary men, whether soldiers or civilians, in the days of Elizabeth or Themistocles. They fought then as a matter of course. In those so-called heroic ages "the thrilling realities of war" were truly the realities of life and feeling. Today they are but as a long nightmare. We have discovered that man is a creature slowly, by means of thought and life and art, evolving from the animal he was into the human being that he will be some day, and in that desperately slow progression sloughing off the craving for physical combat and the destruction of his fellow man. This process does not mean the loss of stoicism and courage, but rather the increase thereof, as millions in this war, after the most peaceful century in the world's history, have proved. We are a few paces farther on toward the fully evolved human being than were the compatriots of Themistocles or Elizabeth. That is why the modern pen, save some few atavistic quills, refuses, and will refuse, to identify itself with war, and to wax lyrical and epical thereon.

The true realities of today lie in peace. The great epic of our time is the expression of man's slow emergence from the blood-loving animal he was. To that great epic the modern pen has long been consecrate, and is not likely to betray its trust.

The Christmas frolic given by the boys and girls of the Centre on Monday night, December 20th, in Lincoln Centre Auditorium, was one of the most delightful of the many characteristic celebrations which have been held here.

While the audience was waiting with considerable curiosity for the plan of the evening to unfold, a trumpet sounded clear and sweet and from a high place as from some watch tower, a herald's voice proclaimed that the children from every land were coming to celebrate the Christmas here.

Then the spirit of Christmas, in scarlet cap and suit, half hidden by a voluminous gray traveler's cape, stepped through the brown curtains of the stage and in the spirit of good comradeship invited all within sound of his voice to join in "True Christmas Jollitie." He vanished from sight when softly and sweetly from a great distance came the sound of children's voices. The song came nearer and from doors high up, as though the very roof had opened that they might enter, trooped children from every land and every time. German mädchens of yesterday, Russian and Swedish lads and lassies of today, children in scarlet kilts, Greeks, Italians, brave squires in mediaeval girkins and caps; anchorites in gown and cowl, Dame Goodheart in silken gown and wimple, each carrying a branch of holly and all singing sweetly:

Hark, the Herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on earth and mercy mild
Cometh with the holy child.

The procession wound down the long stairways around the room and down the long aisles to the stage where they all settled for an evening of frolic and fun.

Several sturdy yeoman carried in the yule log which a tiny mite of a boy in green bestrode while the company gaily chanted the ancient Boar's Head carol. Then followed Welsh carols, the Scotch "Auld Santa Claus," "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly," "O'Tannenbaum." A Scotch lassie danced the Highland fling, groups of fleet-footed maidens tripped through several early English dances, six English maids appeared and made their appeal in song, then passed about for pennies. A group of maidens of sixteen stood where they had been sitting and sang in simple, unaffected style and in voices of exquisite sweetness "Oh, Holy Night," and "No Candle was There." Dame Goodheart gave the signal and a lovely glowing Christmas tree appeared while her faithful squires came in with huge baskets piled high with scarlet boxes of sweets which were scattered all through the house.

Then all the revellers gathered again and after singing several lovely carols passed back through the aisles softly chanting "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

An evening of such spontaneous joy is seldom the privilege of children. Would that they might be permitted to participate in such a beautiful spectacle in the same joyous spirit more often!

L. H. R.

High resolutions are good things to take upon the lips or heart New Year's or any other day. The following familiar poem of Howard Arnold Walter lends itself so naturally to New Year's purposes, that we venture to make the very slight alterations necessary to give it the special form to fit:

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

I will be true, for there are those who trust me;
I will be pure, for there are those who care;
I will be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I will be brave, for there is much to dare.

I will be friend of all,—the foe, the friendless;
I will be giving, and forget the gift;
I will be humble, for I know my weakness;
I will look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

A. L. K.

Old Fashioned New Year's Calls

Every once in a while we hear from the lips of some fine "gentleman of the old school" or some white-haired lady with full trailing skirts and old-fashioned lace cap, the remark "what a pity it is that we can't revive the beautiful custom of the New Year's calling as it was in its best days!"

And they are right, the spirit underlying that custom was one of fine hospitality. Old friendships were renewed, family differences were often amicably settled and the coming of the annual holiday was welcomed as the opportunity for meeting many old friends and making some new ones.

And yet this beautiful custom, as is well known to all old enough to remember it in its palmiest days, died, and died for the same reason that so many other perfectly good customs fade away. What started and might easily have been maintained as simple, homely hospitality and the expression of neighboring good wishes for the coming year, degenerated into a menace to society.

Many a youth postponed the carrying out of his high New Year's resolutions "until after New Year's day," and sweet, modest girls laughingly offered the last glass that carried the boy over the line of sobriety and decency, just because it was New Year's and "New Year's comes but once a year." Like a growing snowball, once started on the down-grade, the evils grew with the recurring years until the loss of social restraint surrounding the celebration of the day and the abuse of hospitality, made it impossible for ladies and gentlemen of refinement and high social standing to further countenance the custom.

According to Mr. William S. Walsh in his "Curiosities of Popular Customs," this method of celebrating New Year's day was popular in New York City in the old Dutch times and remained so until the latter part of the nineteenth century. He says:

> New Year's day in New York was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door was thrown wide open. It was a breach of etiquette to omit any acquaintance in these annual calls. A hearty welcome was extended even to strangers of presentable appearance.
>
> There were great feasts spread in many houses, and the traditions of tremendous Dutch eating and drinking were faithfully observed. Special houses were noted for particular forms of entertainment. At one it was eggnog; at another, rum punch; at this one, pickled oysters; at that, boned turkey, or marvelous chocolate or perfect Mocha coffee or a drop of old Madeira as delicate in flavor as the texture of the glass from which it was sipped; at all houses there were the New Year's cakes, in the form of an Egyptian cartouch, and in later and more degenerate days relays of champagne bottles appeared, the coming in of the lower empire.
>
> As time went on there followed the gradual breaking down of all the lines of conventionality into a wild and unseemly riot of visits. New Year's day took on the character of a rabid and untamed race against time. A procession, each of whose component parts was made up of two or three young men in an open barouche, with a pair of steaming horses and a driver more or less under the influence of the hilarity of the day, would rattle from one house to another all day long. The vistors would jump out of the carriage, rush into the house, where groups of ladies numbering anywhere from one to twenty would be "receiving" in beautiful costumes. These gentlemen would reappear in a miraculously short space of time. The ceremony of calling was a burlesque. There was a noisy and hilarious greeting, a glass of wine was swallowed hurriedly, everybody shook hands all around and the callers dashed out, jumped into the carriage and were driven rapidly to the next house. But more serious than this was the manner in which society women found their houses invaded by people with whom they had very slight and sometimes no acquaintance whatever on the first day of the year. Politicians of all ranks and degrees looked in upon people who they thought could be useful to them. The great army of social upstarts and snobs utilized the day for furthering their claims to recognition. Enough complications and embarrassments, in fact, were woven on the first day of the year to employ the tact and resources of society leaders for several months afterward in the work of undoing.
>
> A reaction naturally began, which, gathering force with every succeeding year, ended by practically abolishing the custom of New Year's calls.

And still the custom in its best days was a beautiful one and we feel like echoing the wish of those who enjoyed those days; we would like to see this old-fashioned social amenity revived and carried on in the

same, simple, sensible method which would appeal to the hospitable instincts of our home-makers and their friends. A. L. K.

The True Minister

In the true minister there will be a certain authority—the authority of truth, goodness, and beauty. He will direct the thought, command the attention, and organize the lives of the people. There will be in him the quality of consecration, of ideality and spirituality, a quality that all men intuitively reverence.

There will be the prophetic word in him. He will not speak as a lawyer or a scholar, or as a politician, but as one who is intimate with the Higher Powers; in a sense, he will be the lips through which God may speak; his will be a god-invaded personality.

We must remember that verbiage, explanation, dogmatism, reading, even teaching which is a necessary function of the minister, is not preaching. In preaching the minister rises to prophecy, as Wordsworth did in his *Ode to Duty*. His object is not so much to reveal truth (though he may do that), but to show that religion is an ever-expanding, creative, strengthening, and illumining power.

The true minister will be indigent (not that every indigent minister will be true), but every true minister must be free of worldly ambition and the love of wealth.

He must also be free—free from creed, from form, from convention; he must not wear the chains of any man or of any class. He must be free to see the Divine vision, and hear the Divine voice.

This does not imply, as a distinguished writer has recently urged, that the true minister must be celibate. A wife is more often a help than a hindrance to the minister. The highest type of saints among men and women is commonly found among the married. In them the inward flame has been found purest and brightest, and strongest. The companionship of wife and children does not unfit a minister for a higher communion. In all the sacred experiences of life religion becomes more articulate.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

ANSWER TO HARRIET LAKE-BURCH IN "UNITY," DECEMBER 2.

I do not say,
"Not here, or now, but other time and where,
These things shall be. It shall be even I
In my own right to conquer of my will;
The circumstance and place are yet to be;
Born out of season I must be rebirthed
Into a suitable environment
To work completion to my dream."

But oh,
I hope that in the life which we shall
Surely live in time to come, I may have
Opportunity to do the things which here
I leave unfinished. And, benefited by
The knowledge gained in working here,
Develop to a higher power
The soul which from its very nature, feels
Impelled to strive and strive until
Perfection be attained.

MARY MILES COLVIN.

THE PULPIT

Behold All Souls Are Mine

Sermon Preached

By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

At the Liberal Christian Church

Sunday Morning, October 31, 1915.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Prayer.

Thou Nameless One of a hundred names, it is Thou who hast made us and not we ourselves, and our lives are ours to serve Thy will; our wills are ours to make them Thine. Thou who criest within us in our cries, make clean our hearts by Thy grace; make Thou a home in these hearts of dust that we have a home in Thee. Quicken us to a sense of the Eternal Life around and within, that amid this unintelligible world we may trust only the eternal things, and find a sanctuary of serenity and gladness amid the fluctuating shadows of this life. According to our strength apportion our labor, and grant us the will to do it, opening our eyes to joy while keeping our feet from following after it.

Thou Infinite Beauty, whom seeking to express in words we leave forever unexpressed, show us that where Thy spirit is there is liberty of soul, the joy of revelation, and the peace of a pure heart. Amidst many differences that divide, join us in one prayer for Thy grace, in one passion for Thy righteousness, in one love for Thy truth, that we may know Thee in the life we live together, and in the life we each must live alone. Keep Thou our hearts, out of which are the issues of life and destiny, that by Thine inward teaching we may have the will to pray in faith and the courage to live more nearly as we pray.

Teach us, O Lord, that the truth is what is, that the good is what ought to be, and that the beautiful is that which is as it ought to be; and let Thy beauty be upon us, transforming our lives from what we are into that which we ought to be, uniting us in new ties of love, in a new grace of service, in a new happiness of obedience. Make us to know that between us and Thee there is nothing save our own blindness of heart, since Thou art in us and we in Thee, who art our life and our hope. Make us one with all souls that struggle and aspire, that we may at last be one with those who triumph over time and death by Thy grace.

Mercifully dost Thou trouble us with a vision of a fairer, freer, fuller life than we ever yet have lived, whose inner urging we feel in the promptings of love, in the sense of the ideal, in wistful longings for the right. Help us to be attaining toward it continually, not with anxiety, but by faithful service of Thy will from day to day, until Thy beauty is revealed in us. Grant us so to live until the sun sinks, and let us not die without showing in our lives some faint likeness to Him in whose spirit we would pray, and by whose grace all souls may become saints; in His holy name. Amen.

SERMON.

"Behold, all souls are mine." (Ezk. 18:4.)
"This honor have all the saints." (Psa. 149:9.)

The two festivals joined in our theme, as they are united in time, are like two stanzas in the poetry of the Christian year. It is fitting that they be celebrated in the autumn time, with its ripeness, its richness, and its mellow, haunting loveliness, when the harvest brings the treasures of the seasons. How in accord with the pieties of the heart to recall those who walked here before us in other autumns, and who found their home, as we must find ours, in Him who abides from one generation to another. If we are fleeting, He is eternal, and our hope in life, in death, and in all that lies beyond is in Him who is over all and whose mercy never faileth.

The words of the first text, taken from one of the greatest chapters of the Bible, need no one to prove

that they were divinely spoken. When we hear them we know that prophet was right when he said, "The word of the Lord came unto me saying, Behold, all souls are mine." The words are worthy of the speech of God. Human thought at its highest and purest carries in it, as the clouds carry the sunlight, the thoughts of the Eternal. By the majesty and rhythm of such words, as well as by the spontaneous answer of our hearts, we know that the thought of the writer passed beyond itself. They have in them the echo of the infinite, in their sweep and grasp and grandeur.

> For the love of God is broader
> Than the measure of man's mind!
> And the heart of the Eternal
> Is most wonderfully kind.

Seventy years ago it would have been deemed a blasphemy so say that God is under obligations to man. In those days men seemed to think that the chief attribute of God is an arbitrary and irresponsible almightiness, as if, having brought man into being, He was in no way responsible to him or for him. One sometimes wonders how men could worship such a God at all. Should a man declare himself exempt from obligation to his family, he would be despised by all just and honorable men. Yes, God is under obligation to man, under the obligations of His perfection. Having made man in own image, He owes him life, love, forgiveness, compassion, sympathy, and eternal regard. This would seem to be self-evident, if we think a moment. The source of morality must be moral. The source of knowledge must be rational. The source of that stream of love which waters our mortal life, must be an infinite love. Since human souls belong to God, so long as He is God they can never be absent from His thought and love.

I.

Now consider some of the deep meanings of this day of all souls. No truth, no fact, can have a larger claim on the thought of men than the truth that all souls belong to God. It is fundamental in theology. It lies at the basis of all religious philosophy, and is the enduring foundation of all fruitful thinking about the problems of humanity. It implies, first of all, a common origin of all men, one source of life for all souls. Whatever theory men may hold as to the physical origins of humanity, this text tells us the truth we most need to know about the real origin of man. Admit that mankind evolved slowly from lowly beginnings, it is none the less true that all souls come from God and exist in him. He is spirit; they are spirit. God is father; the soul is child, and this ineffable kinship of God and man is the master light of all our seeing, as it is the ground of all our hope. Human intelligence, human will, human love must have their source in an infinite Mind, a perfect Will, an Eternal Love; and because all souls have a common and divine heredity, we are brothers to the last man of us, forever.

Also, a common origin implies a common discipline and development, not only common faculties, but a common basis of culture. All great thinkers unite in saying that our life on earth has meaning only when we see it as a great school and a great schooling, and so they have taught. Our age boasts of its achievements, but in regard to the vital things that matter most the man of today stands side by side with his foresires. Outwardly the world has undergone immense and bewildering transformation, but in its essential conditions life remains what it has always been. Sunshine is the same, and starlight, and the course of the seasons, and the blood in the veins of men. The great river channels hardly change with the centuries; and those other streams, the life-currents which ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors. Hunger and labor go on as of old, and seedtime and harvest, and marriage and birth and death.

No doubt this is one reason why the oldest and simplest occupations of man come home to all of us closely, and touch us so deeply. Any trade that lies close to nature, like that of the hunter, the herdsman, the husbandman, the builder, has power to thrill our pulses with ancestral instincts and memories, and touch us to poetry. As Stevenson said, these ancient things—the tilling of the soil, the tending of a flock, the building of a house—have upon them the dew of the morning of humanity. For the same reason, a road across a desert, a sheltering roof against a storm, or a hearth-fire glowing in the darkness, can stir the human heart as symbols of human fellowship in common necessity. Just so, our great books are classics because they tell of their elemental things which are like the sky and the wind, like bread and milk, like the kisses of little children and the tears we shed beside the grave. When a poet sings of these old human realities, his song never grows obsolete or out of date, because they are part of the common heritage of mankind.

Here lies the meaning of that profound saying of á Kempis: "He who seeks his own loses the things that are common." All alike have the voiceless magnificence of earth and sky, the ministry of social condition, and the harsh attrition of the years amidst which we walk and work. To all souls come the deep experiences of sorrow, the hard lot of disappointment, and the sad suggestion and the sadder defilement of wrong. The temptations that tug at us are such as men have felt since the far time when the Vedic poets sang in India,, and the woes we endure are gray with age. They all mean a common discipline, a lesson in that inevitable Divine education of humanity which is made necessary by our kinship with God and our candidacy for righteousness and the growing vision of truth. Thus, by the ordinance of God, we must face the facts of life in the lowest place of toil and care, as well as along the path of joy, if happily we may learn the deep and tender wisdom of the old Quaker in the Whittier poem:

> Scarcely have I asked in prayer
> That which others might not share.

Fellows, as we are in the discipline of a Great School, it is yet true that each must do his task and learn his lesson as if he were alone with God. No truth is more in need of emphasis today when a high-sounding New Morality, as it is called, is striking at the roots of individual moral responsibility. Hugo wrote his Les Miserables to show the often cruel injustice of our social system, as he wrote Notre Dame to reveal the tyranny and terror of superstition. But he leaves us with the impression that society, not the individual, is the real criminal. Ardent and sympathetic souls, taking this half-truth and forgetting the

other half, use it, albeit with the best intention, in a way to weaken the moral life. Against such teaching the mighty document from which my first text is taken is a thunderous rebuke, showing that it is neither new nor moral. It would be a philanthropy to put that chapter from Ezekiel in the hand of every youth in our land, if only to reinforce the awful voice of his own soul telling him that he, not his father, nor society, is the master of life.

There rises an inevitable logic, deriving from the fact of a common origin and a common discipline of all souls, by which we are led to the great hope of a final common destiny. If all souls belong to God, and if God is as wise as He is great, as loving as He is powerful, there seems no way to escape it. Unless, indeed, we say that evil is mightier than good, and that the will of man can defeat the Love that will not let us go. Some are much concerned with destination, but we need to emphasize, also, and more vitally, the larger fact of destiny, which is moral and spiritual. For the primary thing is not where we go, but what we become in the agony and bloody sweat of the moral process. Whether few or many are to be saved need not be a dogma, but surely it is in accord with the inevitable sequence of the Divine origin of all souls to regard retribution, so certain here and hereafter, as a part of the common discipline of redemption. Let us rejoice in the awful, levelling love of God, wherein there is no difference between the first and the last, and rest our hope in Him in whose great hand we stand.

II.

How fitting, in a world made so sad by moral defeat, to have a day set apart in honor of those who won victory over life and time and death. In the calendar of the church every day in the year is dedicated to one of the great saints, in whom holiness was touched by the light and fire of genius. But the day of all saints was instituted in honor of obscure, heroic souls who, hearing a voice untranslatable, sweeter than music and vague as a dream, dared to follow it and find the great secret. Truly did George Eliot say, because things are as well with us as they are is largely due to the unknown nobility of unhistoric lives that sleep in unmarked graves. They were men and women like ourselves who, by the sweet grace of God, won mastery of moods, conquest of passion, and toiled in the name of Eternity in the fields of Time. They were patriots in the Republic of God, and the thought of them brings a nameless cheer to all who struggle and aspire for a better life.

Surely here, as in so many ways, we of the freer fellowship have much to learn from the older church, for the capacity for hero worship is one of the great forces of our being, and is unsurpassed in evoking the highest in man. What Washington and Lincoln are to this nation, with its ideals and hopes, wise men know; what the prohpets, apostles, martyrs, saints, and heroic servants of our kind, might mean for the renewal in each new age of the Christian ideal and obligation, no one can estimate. In this behalf we must enlarge the calendar so as to include anyone, of any faith or any race, who by a like precious grace attained to the victory most winning; names as far apart as Luther and Lincoln, Eckhert and Emerson, Wesley and Woolman. That is to say, as all souls are included in the processes of history, and in the progressive unfolding of humanity, we would set up for our homage all who in the thicket of sharpest test have been triumphant, and who are concrete examples of the highest moral and spiritual life.

The highest Gospel was a Biography, said Carlyle, and that gospel stirs men like mighty music just because it is not set forth in a proposition, but incarnated in a Personality. Had it been made known as a body of ethical and religious truth, an order of spiritual facts, it would not have swayed men as it did, redeeming the world from the rot of paganism. No, the Word became flesh, walked with men wearing the hues of human life, revealing a new type of moral manhood achieved by the Divine method of discipline for character. Of that living word of eternal life the saints are the best translators and interpreters, not because they thought more deeply, but because they lived more heroically. They did not know they were heroes; they did not profess to be saints. They were not free from fault. But, forgetting all else, they followed in His way with a passionate and persistent fidelity, serving Him in the needs of those whom He loved, and so came to the Place of Vision, even to the City of God whose gates stand open day and night.

> Brothers, we are treading
> Where the saints have trod.

Lives of the saints! How wonderful it is to have each day of our troubled life—often only a muddled memory of what it ought to be—linked with the name of one who, amid difficulties like our own, and greater, passed before us in triumph! How thrilling it is to see their footprints on this road we find so hard and strange—to realize that the temptations with which we wrestle from day to day are all set down in the Confessions of Augustine or the Journal of Wesley—that the new peace we gain when we make the great surrender is the story of Luther. What resources for reinforcement and inspiration lie at hand for our using in a closer fellowship with these leaders and emancipators of the soul, these friends and aiders of those who would live in the spirit. They were great souls, they fought great battles, they saw into greater depths, and it will put new heart into us to come into closed intimacy with their vivid and aspiring lives. Aye, and others unknown to the great world have walked with us betimes, and in death stand revealed—

> Saints of every day, like many another,
> They lived and loved and strove to bless—
> Friend, the sister, the unselfish mother
> Whose aim was holiness.
>
> I muse upon their virtues and remember
> Their lives of charity and faithfulness
> And, once again, take courage to go forward
> My world to love and bless.

Not all can be great and famous, not all can sway the world with eloquence, but all can be pure of heart, faithful to duty, heroic in trial—victors by the grace of him who is King of Saints, by whom all souls are called to be saints of the Most High, whose we are, in whom we live, and in the service of whose wise will there is peace.

There are not many places that belong to a city's life to which you can "invite your soul."—*Woodrow Wilson.*

THE WAR BURDEN OF LABOR

The burden falls upon the folk—
  Poor folk, and weak and frail.
They bend their necks and take the yoke,
  Nor do they ever fail.

The kings and princes go to war—
  The poor it is who fight.
Nor do they konw what it is for—
  The king proclaims it right.

The toiler leaves his field and mill.
  His hungry children cry.
Their mothers must the fields now till—
  The men are gone to die.

The king, he borrows millions gold;
  The lab'ring man must pay;
For war's munitions he is sold.
  But why? No one can say.

The king may win renown at last,
  If victory he gain.
A million graves, when war is past,
  Shall house the toilers slain.

A hundred years the toilers groan
  To pay the debt of war;
Their very lives count not their own,
  Nor know what life is for.

And "Vive le Roi," "Long live the king,"
  The toiling men still cry;
And that to him they glory bring,
  The toilers gladly die.

Some day the toiling poor shall see
  How certain is their loss;
No matter what war's issue be
  Its gold is but their dross.

Some day the broken poor shall know
  The end for which they die—
That it is but for pomp and show
  Of kings with kings who vie.

That every victory spells defeat
  And death to other men—
The poor whose ruin is complete
  E'en though they rise again.

Some day the toiling man will say,
  "Why should I do this thing,
Why slave and starve, my brothers slay
  And leave alive the king!"

LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

DECEMBER'S MAYDE

Of all ye maydes of all ye year,
  December's mayde is jolliest:
Her cheeks be red, her eyes be clear,
  Her raiment of ye loveliest;
All morn she shoppes, from store to store,
  And, after lunch, she shoppes some more.

Her voice sounds like ye belles of sleighs,
  Her laugh rings like ye golden chymes,
And gladde and playfulle are her wayes;
  Mark how ye parent's billies and dymes
From out his pocketbooks are coaxed
When he by his fayre mayde is hoaxed.

December's mayde it is who keeps
  Ye world-cash from a stagnant state;
No gold shall pile in heapes and heapes
  The whyle she scatters it, elate;
Where'd be Prosperitye, the jayde,
Were it not for December's mayde?

—From *Denver Republican.*

Edward Howard Griggs

"Every earnest man can teach us some new lesson because his life means something."

Some years ago it was my privilege to express in UNITY an appreciation of the man whose name appears at the head of this sketch, and now that he has been teaching us again, and in the home of UNITY, it seems but fair that we again should voice our deep sense of indebtedness to him for the great spiritual uplift we have received, and that the grateful "pupils" be made through this brief sketch better acquainted with "our teacher." I use the words "pupil" and "teacher" advisedly, for it is the high aim of this man to instruct and not merely entertain. He does most surely entertain his hearers; for, though his first aim is teaching, there is not one dull or uninteresting moment of the hour he spends before his pupils. And Mr. Griggs' contention that so long as we live we should continue to add to our education, enables him to serve as pre-eminently the teacher of adults who do not feel that their education was completed when they stepped down the college steps on the last day of school.

Every man has two natures; let us first make the acquaintance of Mr. Griggs through his spiritual nature, which I believe we can do better by glancing at some of his pregnant sentences gathered at random from several of his books. "Of ALL problems, those of human living are most absorbingly interesting, just because they never reach a final solution. In all our living is an unavoidable element of experiment. If we wait until we know how to live before we begin, we never begin." * * * "Thus it is necessary to dare something courageously in all actively growing life. The most we can hope for is light enough to take the next step; and then we must take it bravely, trusting that, if we do, the light will still be one step in advance." * * * "May we not add that the highest and most universal fine art, gathering up all the others under itself and giving them place and meaning, is the art of living? The most glorious picture ever painted is in color of life, on the background of time and nature, in the shape of a good deed. The most wonderful of songs, beyond all that ever came from brain of poet or lips of singer, is made up of melodious days in the sweet harmony of a beautiful lifetime." * * * "Thoughtful people no longer speak of 'finishing' their education. We realize that if growth of mind and spirit ceases, life is really at an end, even if physical existence continues for a time." * * * "Whether we work or sleep, are earnest or idle, rejoice or moan in agony, the river of time flows on with same resistless flood; and *it is only while the water of the river of time flows over the mill wheel of today's life that we can utilize it.* Once it is past,

it is in the unreturning sea of eternity. Other opportunities will come, other waters will flow; but that which has slipped by unused is lost utterly and will return not again." * * * "There are, I believe, two great open secrets that explain the achievement of men such as Leonardo and Goethe. The first is so simple you may be surprised when I state it; it is—*concentration*—putting all the mind you have on the task in hand while you do it, and when that is no longer possible, turning to something else." * * * "To live with twice the significance is worth at least as much as living twice as long." * * * "Both secrets of wonderful achievement might be summed up in Goethe's maxim: 'Ohne Hast, ohne Rast'—'Unhasting, unresting—to work without the heedless waste that defeats its own end, yet with never the rest of idleness, finding refreshment in changed activity—such is the secret of great achievement." * * * "As the individual is the active force in society, so within his life it is the ideal which is creative with reference to conduct." * * * "One's ideal is one's vision from the slope of the mountain of endeavor; each step of climbing widens the horizon, not in one only, but in all directions; while the wider vision inspires renewed effort." * * * "It is an insufficient excuse to say we did the best we knew, unless we used every possible opportunity to know the best." * * * "In a recorded saying of Buddha we read, 'Earnestness is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.' Sinceriety is simply the foundation of life, and an earnest man often teaches us more in proportion as his life is different from ours." * * * "The cure for half-knowledge is larger truth." * * * "It is impossible to estimate the worth of one man absolutely consecrated to a noble aim." * * * "In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good: to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult."

(Would not that last quotation be a beautiful "Credo" for our daily conduct?)

"To live constantly in the presence of the great interests of life—that is the problem, whether one is rich or poor: and it is a problem which can be solved only by constant effort and watchfulness."

"So, with the personal relations of human life: we cannot be always upon the heights, and it is wrong to blame ourselves overmuch because of our failure to be so. Every mountain means at least two valleys, and the very possibility of standing at times upon the supremest summits depends upon the intervening periods of quiet acceptance of the waiting during the night, or slow struggle toward the yet unattained vision of the day." * * * "To seek to be true to our best insight, to express in personal life the noblest ideal we know, is the highest possible service in the problem of social reconstruction."

"Not in so far as a man leaves something behind him, but in so far as he acts and enjoys, and awakens others to action and enjoyment, does he remain of significance" (Goethe) might easily be the predominant life-motive of Mr. Griggs.

We could continue to quote nuggets of wisdom from the mine of Mr. Griggs' books indefinitely, but enough have been thrown up to give an infinitesimal idea of the richness of the bode.

One of the Italian poet-philosophers of the nineteenth century, you may recall, wrote: "To behold any really estimable being, always does me good; it affords me pleasant matter for reflection and esteem—both of great advantage." So, from this glimpse into the spiritual side of the man, let us briefly glance at the material man. I like to tell his story. The chronicle of his early struggles and his great achievements is almost incredible, but affords such an object lesson to the youth of today with his easy facilities for acquiring knowledge that I think it should be broadly known.

Edward Howard Griggs was born in Minnesota in 1868, but when an infant his parents became residents of Indiana. Here, in the picturesque little town of Madison his boyhood was spent, and here he went through the grammar grades, being ready at thirteen to enter high school. Just then his hopes for further education seemed dashed to the ground.

He left Madison for Indianapolis where in a wholesale grocery-house he found employment—first as cash boy, and in a few months as assistant bookkeeper. For five years he worked—and studied—here, using his evenings far more profitably than the majority of young boys today, until at the age of nineteen he was able to enter the Indiana State University, from which he was graduated in the class of '89, having achieved the four years' course in two years. (Soon thereafter the University trustees passed a law prohibiting any future possibility of such a feat.)

Although he specialized in literature in all his preliminary preparations, he entered the college of mathematics and languages for the mental discipline these studies affords. Mr. Griggs says he is still old-fashioned enough to believe that they should today be taught more largely than they are—the mental discipline is so fine. During his senior year he taught mathmetics, in the preparatory department of the University. Immediately upon his graduation he was appointed instructor in English in his Alma Mater,

and the next year the chair of general literature was established for him. Here he remained but one year longer, as he was called to Leland Stanford University in 1891 as one of the initial faculty of that great university, where he remained six years, one of which he spent in study in Europe. When Mr. Griggs resigned from Leland Stanford he was at the head of the Department of Ethics and Education. In addition to his regular work in these two universities, he delivered a steadily increasing number of lectures, till in his last year, in Leland Stanford he delivered over one hundred and fifty public lectures outside of his regular university work.

Since January, 1899, Mr. Griggs has devoted all his time to public teaching and lecturing. In that year he was appointed staff lecturer to the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, which office, in addition to his own independent lectures, causes him to travel all over the country, giving sometimes 500 lectures in one year, traveling about forty thousand miles to meet his engagements. Mr. Griggs' lectures are on varied and diverse subjects, but all lead to the highest development of the individual, whether studied through the great masterpieces of art, or literature, or the great cities of Europe and their gift to civilization, or autobiographies. Concrete human problems may be solved through these great masterpieces of Dante, Shakespeare, Browning, etc. He spent one entire year with his students at Stanford over the Ethics of Personal Life, with Job, Plato and Dante as his textbooks.

When asked what particular book or books had most influenced his early life he replied that always history and biography had been his favorite reading, but he thought the one single book that had had the greatest influence over his formative years was J. S. C. Abbott's History of Napoleon. While in the grocery store in Indianapolis he would procure that book from the Public Library and devour one whole chapter an evening, then work on that for three months. From it he says he learned lessons in concentration and will that have governed his whole life and have enabled him to accomplish what otherwise might have been impossible for him. For instance, to cover such territory as mentioned above, and give, maybe, two and three lectures a day on different topics and hold his audiences spellbound for one hour each, with never a scrap of paper or note for reference, seems to the layman stupendous; or, as in Kansas City, during the course just finished at Lincoln Centre, his western circuit this season extended from Cleveland to Kansas City, where he gave two courses a day in a hall seating 1,300 and dozens were turned away at each lecture (general admission tickets being 50 cents); or to give two courses a season for seventeen years, as he has in Brooklyn Institute to a steadily increasing constituency—with an ever widening circle for his circuit, would seem almost super-human to the uninitiated.

Mr. Griggs' work is non-academic, yet must be regarded as educational in the highest degree, for whatever adds to the general culture of the individual, and the moral growth of his character, is education in its truest sense; and many a student comes out of college lacking on these two points.

Once when lecturing in Boston, at the close of the lecture when questions were in order, some one asked why had he never lectured at Harvard? His reply was: "I have never felt my call to the intellectually righteous, much less to the intellectually self-righteous."

Democracy of spirit and of living is his contention for education today; such education is not gained in the schools alone, but through our own high ideals and our personal relations.

"We should seek to live in conduct the highest ideal we know, and to express it in harmony with the lives of all. The fulfillment of personal duties in social relations is the crowning service of the world. 'Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.'"

A great teacher is Edward Howard Griggs; yes, and a great preacher as well, with many rarely beautiful qualities of heart and mind. Perhaps no better description of him could be given than that by one of his admirers: "Edward Howard Griggs is above all else himself. His personality is distinct and irresistible; it is unlike that of any public teacher the world has known. * * * Some of the qualities of that personality are unusual insight through inheritance, a trained, disciplined and enriched mind, an artist's imagination, the passion of a reformer and the heart of a friend."

Read his description of Venice in his setting for "The Merchant of Venice." Does it need an artist's brush to make you see the glorious picture?

Venice—A city unlike any other on the face of the earth, and born of causes which can never return. With none of the ordinary noises of a civic community—the freight delivered in quiet barges; gondolas the vehicles for rich and poor alike; its streets the silent canals. The silence broken only by the weird cry of the gondolier or some snatch of night revellers' song. The sea and the sky everywhere. The palaces frescoed within and without with a wealth of warm color, or covered with soft-hued marble, their feet ever lapped by the dark green water of the still canals. A city of stately men and beautiful women, of love, intrigue and wild romance. A city of golden dreams, raised by an enchantress wand from the mysterious wonderland of the imagination, floating like an exotic water lily on the blue bosom of the sea that gave her birth, only to sink into its waters again in the end.

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

THE NEXT YEAR.

No backward glance shall hinder or appall me:
A new life is begun;
And better hopes and better motives call me
Than those the past has won.

—*Lillian Knapp.*

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER, 1916.

I

I, the New Year, born this day,
Call upon all men to pray
Through the agony of birth
I come and view a woe-drenched earth.
The shriek of shell, the cannon's blare
Mingle in horror with curse and prayer.
Men of the earth, this should not be.
Men of all nations, kneel with me
And pray, pray, pray!

II.

About the hearts of men I see
With tightening clutch red-clawed desire
To grasp by force, what others gain
Through days of labor, nights of pain.
Is God's arm shortened, can it not stay
The ghastly horrors of this day?
Men of the earth, this should not be.
Men of all nations, kneel with me
And pray, pray, pray!

III.

Is God's ear deaf, can it not hear
The wail of anguish far and near?
Is His eye dim, can it not see
The vileness of the things that be,
That men in His image go forth this day
To kill and pillage, burn and slay?
O, men of earth, this should not be.
Men of all nations, kneel with me
And pray, pray, pray!

IV.

I, the New Year, born this day,
Call upon all men to stay
The sword with human blood stained red,
And turn thy frenzied gaze instead
Beneath the lust and hate and sin,
The Hope of Ages to seek within.
Raise to thy God deep prayer sincere
That wars may cease in this New Year.
Pray, pray, pray!

A. M. TRIPPETT.

A Chinese New Year's in California

The Chinese in California have a week of holiday at their New Year's in February, just as we do between the 25th of December and the 1st of January.

In the cities they make a fine display of fireworks. They use barrels full of firecrackers, and the Chinese boys do not fire them off, as the American boys do, a cracker at a time; they bring out a large box full, or a barrel full, and fire them off package after package, as fast as they can.

In Santa Barbara, where I was during the Chinese New Year's of 1882, we heard the crackers long before we reached Chinatown. After these stopped we went into the houses. Every Chinese family keeps open house on New Year's day all day long. They set up a picture or an image of their god in some prominent place, and on a table in front of this they put a little feast of good things to eat. Some are for an offering to the god and some are for their friends who call. Every one is expected to take something.

There was no family so poor that it did not have something set out, and some sort of a shrine made for its idol; in some houses it was only a coarse wooden box turned up on one end like a cupboard, with two or three little teacups full of rice or tea, and one poor candle burning before a paper picture of the god pasted or tacked at the back of the box.

It was amusing to watch the American boys darting about from shop to shop and house to house, coming out with their hands full of queer Chinese things to eat, showing them to each other and comparing notes.

"Oh, let me taste that!" one boy would exclaim on seeing some new thing; and "Where did you get it? Which house gives that?" Then the whole party would race off to make a descent on that house and get some more. I thought it wonderfully hospitable on the part of the Chinese people to let all these American boys run in and out of their houses in that way, and help themselves from the New Year's feast.

Some of the boys who were very rude and ill-mannered—little better than street beggars; but the Chinese were polite and generous to them all. The joss-house, where they held their religious services, was a chamber opening out upon an upper balcony. This balcony was hung with lanterns and decorated. The door at the foot of the stairs which led to this chamber stood open all day, and any one who wished could go up and say his prayers in the Chinese fashion, which is a curious fashion indeed. They have slender reeds with tight rolls of brown paper fastened at one end. In front of the image or picture of their god they set a box or vase of ashes, on which a little sandal-wood is kept burning. When they wish to make a prayer they stick one of the reeds down in these ashes and set the paper on fire. They think the smoke of the burning paper will carry the prayer up to heaven.

I asked a Chinese man who could speak a little English why they put teacups of wine and tea and rice before their god; if they believed that the god would eat and drink.

"Oh, no," he said, "That not what for. What you like self, you give god. He see. He like see."

H. H.

THE IVORY GATES

Unto the mystic East, where, like a fan,
The thousand hues of dawn soar up the sky,
The ivory gates of Samarkand reply,—
Proud gift of king, work of fond artisan.
For now the golden hinges, pushed by man,
Give strident welcome to the morning nigh;
While, echoing from tower and minaret high,
The muezzins drone across the drear Iran.

An eager jostling stirs the waiting throng:
White-bearded shiekhs and spangled dancing maids,
And dervishes that chant a whining song,
And swarthy vendors crying loud their trades.
Lo, on their sight, in rosy sunrise rolled,—
Blue domes, white walls and lattices of gold!

Likewise our souls await the mystic call;
A vast, disseparate brood, our various race,
Its half defined and formulated case
Has waited long to plead beyond the wall
That shuts us from ourselves. The mocking pall
Of sloth and sensuous night, with loitering pace,
Withdraws; faint flushings of the promised grace
Of more abundant life, gleam on us all.

While silently, upon our raptured sight,
Loom from the mists of doubt, a solemn view:
Fair towers of aspiration, visions new
And fearful, bathed in far-flung golden light.
Then lo, as draw the ivory gates apart,
The city of the Understanding Heart!

—RICHARD WARNER BORST.

The rolling year is full of Thee.
—*Jas. Thomson.*

Japan in China

By K. K. Kawakami
Author of "Asia at the Door," "American-Japanese Relations," etc.

However skeptical the world may be of Japan's intentions, the Mikado's empire is truly solicitous of the preservation of China's integrity. We know Japan is sincere, in spite of the apparently sweeping demand which she has made upon China.

There are in Japan not a few men who think it safest for their country to abandon what may be termed continental policy. They urge that Japan cannot afford to carry China's burden, that she must first of all think of her own safety and welfare, and that it would be safest for her to give up Port Arthur, withdraw from Manchuria, and at once return Kiau-chow to China.

These men, however, constitute the minority. The majority believe, and most firmly, that the moment Japan's grip upon Manchuria slackens a third power is certain to grab it, China herself deriving not the least benefit from Japan's magnanimous act. It will be the same story in other sections of China. Suppose Japan restores to China Kiau-chow and every German concession in Shan-tung Province, will China be able to keep them for herself? Her past history compels the Japanese to answer in the negative. Japan, perhaps with the "moral" backing of the United States may once again proclaim the integrity of China, but if China herself is so utterly incapable of taking care of herself, reams of proclamations would be of no avail. The result would be another war in which Japan would have to play the unprofitable role of China's protector, just as she did in the war with Russia in 1904. In the meantime the United States would remain an anxious but helpless spectator. Japan declines to pull the chestnut out of the fire simply to let other crafty powers appropriate it.

Japan wants China to grow strong under her tutorage and assistance. She believes, with all her sincerity, that the presence of the influence of certain Western Powers has not been conducive to the benefit and safety either of China or of Japan. Von Bernhardi, in his "Germany and the Next War," is frank enough to declare that "the political rivalry between the two nations of the yellow race must be kept alive" for the benefit of the white race. Prince von Bulow in his memoirs also confesses that German policy enunciated by Bismarck has been to direct Russia's territorial ambition toward China and Japan. What wonder that Japan was anxious to see Germany ousted from Kiau-chow?

Japan does not care, cannot afford, to wage another costly war for the protection of China's integrity. That is why she demands that no territory on the coast or no islands off the coast shall be ceded or leased by China to a third power. That is why she wants to act as guardian in the management of China's affairs. The world must recall that in the wake of the Boxer disturbance China was on the verge of disruption. It was Japan, and nobody else, who saved the day for her decrepit neighbor, and in saving it Japan sacrificed untold treasury and unnumbered lives. And yet China has never realized the true significance of the Russo-Japanese war.

As for Kiau-chow, China must not think it her right to get it forthwith now that Japan reduced Tsingtao. The territory belongs to Germany, and it behooves Japan to negotiate with Berlin at the end of the war for its final disposition. After the territory has been definitely surrendered by Germany, Japan will restore it to China, if nothing unexpected happens in the meantime. Ignoring this obvious course which Japan must pursue, the Peking Government seems to have thought it its right to receive Kiau-chow, and peremptorily demanded the withdrawal of Japanese troops upon the fall of Tsingtao. This was a diplomatic blunder on the part of China.

The "open door" of China will not in the least be impaired by China's acceptance of the Japanese demands. Japan's methods in commercal competition are fair and honorable. It is true that in Manchuria Japanese trade has made phenomenal advance, while that of America has been decreasing. Yet Japan's success is not due to any unfair or illegitimate means. As everybody knows Japan is the greatest, if not the sole, customer of the soya bean, Manchuria's premier product, while the United States buys almost nothing from that country. Bear this in mind and you have the key to Japan's commercial success in Manchuria. Then, too, Japan has advantage over America in the proximity of her country to China, in the abundance of cheap labor at her command, in the kinship existing between the Chinese language and her own, and in many another matter. Why, then, should she slam the "open door" in order to attain commercial supremacy in China? The American people, with their innate love of honorable sportsmanship, must unreservedly recognize this fact and accept the defeat without complaint. They must also remember that had Russia been permitted to remain in South Manchuria, their trade in that country would have suffered far more seriously than under Japanese rule.

The United States is not the only nation which is committed to the preservation of China's integrity and the "open door." Japan, in her treaties or conventions with England, France and Russia, made it her avowed policy to maintain China's integrity. Downing Street, the Quai d'Orsay and the Newsky Prospect are as well informed as the White House of the true nature of the Japanese demands. Had the Mikado's overture been of the nature to endanger China's integrity, the four powers would certainly have offered an objection before its presentation to the Chinese Government.

In conclusion a word on the "open door." That principle, as enunciated by the late Secretary Mr. John Hay, is as follows:

First. That no power will in any way interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within so-called "sphere of influence or interest" or leased territory it may have in China.

Second. That the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply on all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are within said sphere of influence (unless they be free ports), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties leviable shall be collected by the Chinese government.

Third. That no power shall levy any high harbour dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such sphere than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, or any higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled or operated within its sphere on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such sphere than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationals transported over equal distances.

Does Japan's action in China conflict with the letter and spirit of this principle? I think not.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

UP-TO-DATE TEMPERANCE PAMPHLETS.

Mr. Sunderland has accused the pamphlets of the American Unitarian Association of being roughly out of date. Some of the pamphlets of the Unitarian Temperance Society certainly deserved a hack. Will you allow us space to say that we have made ourselves over and now offer free a small booklet of up-to-date pamphlets, for racks and distribution?

I, personally, believe that there are now about three anti-alcohol points to be cleared, and then the battle is practically won, as far as the thinking man goes.

First, we have to make clear the case against moderate drinking: prove to men that beer and light wines have not been the cure for the alcohol problem in France and Germany, and why should they be here?

This is very important now as a counter scheme to Prohibition is now on foot, a scheme to reform the saloon, make it a family drinking place where beer, light wines, music and children abound.

Articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* by John Koren would seem to favor this scheme of the brewers. Our pamphlets meet this (Is Moderate Drinking Justified? Is Beer the Cure for the Drink Evil?).

The second point to make clear is that we are not justified in keeping liquor simply because it makes jobs for labor, as so many of the unions contend.

Prof. Irving Fisher meets these points in National Prohibition, the Job-Maker. He also contributes All the Facts Against Alcohol,—a perfectly cool, scientific, unhysterical statement, such as Unitarians are supposed to like.

Prohibition. Does It Help? is good for people making up their minds. It convinced the Unitarian Temperance Society that Prohibition helps; and this brings me to the third point that must be made clear, namely, that given the anti-alcohol sentiment we have today, Prohibition does help, it reduces wreckage. So impressed are we with this fact that we offer free to any one who will nail them on trees (with flat-headed roof nails), 10 linen posters, telling the facts that have turned us into Prohibitionists.

Please send for our pamphlets bound together in the book, "Mobilizing Against Alcohol—What You Can Do." It tells you how to get the facts to the people: and we hope that you will help.

ELIZABETH TILTON,
Director, Unitarian Temperance Society.

COMMISSION ON CHURCH AND COUNTRY LIFE

The following is abstract of address of Gifford Pinchot before the Commission on Church and Country Life, held December Eighth (8), at Columbus, Ohio:

COLUMBUS, O., December 8.—Country churches in the near future must coöperate through the medium of community federations and they must interest themselves more closely in the material welfare of the rural population, Gifford Pinchot, president of the National Conservation Association, declared today in an address at the opening session of the national convention of the Commission on Church and Country Life, a branch of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, which is meeting simultaneously. President Wilson will address the convention Friday evening.

Mr. Pinchot, who is chairman of the Commission, called on both country and city residents to unite in trying to solve the problem of the present decadent condition of rural churches. He predicted that the rural church campaign to be instituted at this meeting would be an effective conservation movement inasmuch as it would tend to conserve the religious and economic health of country communities.

"There can be no permanently sound and vigorous life for the nation unless life in the country is vigorous and sound," said Mr. Pinchot. "The strength of any civilization is best measured by the soundness of life on the land. The tenacious spiritual ideals of the open country constitute our most resisting barrier against the growing laxity and luxury of our social organization.

"I believe we are standing today on the threshold of a great movement which will bring back to the church in the country and smaller towns the greater power for good which it used to have. I do not contend that the church should take the functions of the Grange or the agricultural school, but I do believe that failure of the country churches through their ministers to get into productive touch with the work and needs of the country people is one of the fun-

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damental reasons for the present weakness of country churches.

Mr. Pinchot urged the necessity of good farms, good roads and good schools as necessary for the successs of churches, but declared also that active churches would assist powerfully in securing improved material conditions. He explained that the Commission on Church and Country Life, created one year ago under authority of the Federal Council of Churches, was the partial outgrowth of former President Roosevelt's Commission on Country life. Mr. Pinchot was a member of that commission. He praised the work of Dr. Warren H. Wilson, New York, who has charge of rural church work for Presbyterians, of Dr. George F. Wells of the Federal Council of Churches, and of Rev. Charles Otis Gill, Secretary of the Commission. He urged all denominations to unite in a movement to improve the country church.

"We are not here to advocate the weakening or strengthening of any denomination at the expense of another," said Mr. Pinchot, "nor have we any theory to exploit or any axe to grind. We merely seek the truth about conditions, and remedies that are both wise and practicable."

BAD COOKING A PROMINENT CAUSE OF DIVORCE.

In the current issue of *Farm and Fireside* is an article to prove that love and a well filled stomach go well together, but that hatred and treachery are born in an underdone steak. "Bad cooking is directly responsible for a large percentage of the divorce evil and much of the crime committed—in fact, it might well be classed as a crime in itself.

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1240 Belmont Ave., Lake View 3456
936 North Branch St., Superior 6117
Foot of So. Water St., Randolph 2125
1100 N. Halsted St., Dock, Superior 300

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1800 N. Crawford Ave., Belmont 3456

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1769 Milwaukee Ave., Humboldt 357
3801 Milwaukee Ave., Irving 22

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342 N. Oakley Ave. West 443
Wood St. and Carroll Ave. West 246
2512 West Fulton St. West 1223
Kenton and Park Ave. Austin 37

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Blue Island Ave. and Wood St., Canal 1515
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18th Place and Western Ave. Canal 500

Location and phone number—

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61st St. and Blackstone Ave. [Wash. Ave.] Hyde Park 131
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